

FAMOUS VISITORS

DRAWER 11

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# Kentucky

## Abraham Lincoln Birthplace National Historic Site

### Famous Visitors

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection



PILGRIMAGE TO LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE. —  
David Lloyd George, former British Premier, walking  
with group up dusty road from Hodgeville, Ky., to Lincoln  
farm, where he honored martyred American.

(Int'l Newsreel.)

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10-27-23



(Courier-Journal)

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Mrs. George accompanied her husband. Their daughter, Miss Megan Lloyd George, remained in Louisville at Judge Bingham's home on the Upper River Road.

All of Hodgenville was at the station to greet Lloyd George's special, and automobiles were drawn up waiting ready to take him and his party out to the Lincoln Farm, about two and a half miles from town.

The party which was at luncheon when the train pulled in, completed the meal before starting for the farm. Mr. Lloyd George wearing an apparently brand-new pearl grey felt hat in the place of his customary black derby, was readily recognized and applauded by the crowd, when he left the train.

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When Mr. Lloyd George got out of his car, a chorus of school children at the foot of the statue sang, "God Save the King," and then "America." During the singing, the distinguished visitor stood with bare head before the monument, then walked first from one side to the other, inspecting it closely. He was obviously impressed.

After the music, Charles Williams, attorney, head of the Hodgenville reception committee told the visitor that Henry Albert Hayes, 12 years old, and Gilbert Shacklette, 10, wished to present Hodgenville's tokens of appreciation.

The boys, in Sunday best, stepped up, one, presenting a huge bouquet of gladiolas, the gift of the Ladies' Lincoln League and the other, some souvenirs from the Lincoln Library at Hodgenville.

Mr. Lloyd George thanked them and shook their hands—and returned their grins.

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# LLOYD GEORGE DRINKS FROM LINCOLN FOUNT

**British Statesman Stands In  
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**Sign Visitors Register.**

Before they left the building, the Lloyd George's signed their names in the visitors' register. Then, they went down to the old Lincoln Spring in a little cave at the foot of the hill on which the memorial building stands. Everybody in the party drank with dippers. Mr. Lloyd George took the occasion for his first prohibition joke since he's landed on these shores. "Well, it wasn't 'dry' in those days," he remarked.

From the spring, Mr. Lloyd George, with other members of his party, walked about a quarter of a mile back to the Jackson Highway, where he re-entered his car. In the little hike, lots of small boys and girls, gathering their courage walked up to shake his hand.

They were so graciously received that playmates who hadn't had the same darling were terribly envious.

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"I'm from Buffalo," she said.

"Why, you've come a long way, haven't you?"

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*Source: Louisville Courier-Journal, Oct 21, 1914*



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## EDWIN MARKHAM AT LINCOLN CABIN

Poet Finds Himself Center of  
Interest On Hard Trip to  
Hodgenville.

### HE TALKS TO STUDENTS

Poet Inspects Cabin With  
Satisfaction; Finds One  
Window of Verse.

Mecca himself, though he made a pilgrimage, Edwin Markham visited the shrine of Abraham Lincoln at Hodgenville yesterday, the center of a devoted bevy of students who followed him from the National Methodist Students' Conference.

Standing below the carved legends that wreath the door of the birthplace sanctuary, Mr. Markham read the opening lines of his tribute, "Lincoln, the Man of the People," which dedicated the more recent monument in Washington.

As he finished, the cameras of his acolytes clicked reverently.

"This cabin marks the memory of one of the two greatest things in the world," Mr. Markham said. "The other was the birth of Christ."

"Not so much for his brain—other men had intellects as great—but for his humanity he leads every other man but one in eternal wisdom."

#### Explores The Cabin.

Not Atoca, not Napoleon, or Tamberlain, or Alexander the Great could equal him, he said, fingering the red cracking clay that binds the walls of the narrow cabin where Lincoln was born. These men could vision peace or pattern war, but given the hard seeds of national distress, Lincoln coaxed from them the bloom of brotherhood.

His white hair flashing in the in-temperate wind, Mr. Markham looked out over the spread hills on the highest of which the memorial stands.

He has bright brown eyes like a dwarf's. They lighted up as he perched at the summit and watched the red clay hills, stretching out like the flanks of sorrel horses; the dogwood, with white arms stretched out but its feet fast, like a dream of running; then with a small sigh he took off his brown hat and went inside.

His exploration of the cabin was a mixture of awe and gentle triumph.

#### Signs The Register.

After rounding the walls and sitting to have his picture taken on a three-legged stool beside the fireplace he announced in a confiding tone: "The cabin does have one window. I said so in my poem, 'Young Lincoln.'"

Around the corner of the house, where an evergreen leans against the wall, he signed the register. His name is coupled now with that of David Lloyd George and Dame Margaret. Then he sat down with his legs stretched out read his own poem, "When the Norn Mother Saw The Whirlwind Hour," part of which is incised on the wall.

The students, who eyed him respectfully from seats across the aisle, the train that carried them to Hodgenville, limbered into unrestrained conversation. He drew them casually into his conversational embrace. On the way home they perched in a ring about him and questioned him on everything from free verse to the social philosophy of the New Testament.

#### 12 Orange Breakfast.

"As a pessimist," he told them, "Mark Twain makes Schopenhauer and Leopardi look like Mellin's Food. James Joyce, fantastic 'Ulysses,' is as 'mad a thing as anything that ever crept out of the hole in the ground,'" he commented.

The psychoanalytic novelists write pages and pages that he can't understand, he says, before he strikes something recognizable, and then it is filthy.

It was not a neasy thing, his pilgrimage. For one thing, he got up at 6 o'clock for the first time in twenty-four years. He breakfasted informally on a dozen oranges in a junction waiting room. For the last lap he jounced nine miles over the ruts of a detour road.

#### Tribute to Lee.

He snuffed the dust of drying hills and lunched rapidly on a fried egg sandwich in order to pay his devotions to the patron saint of his next-to-most-famous ode. But leaping down before his hotel late in the afternoon he announced that he was not tired at all.

Two hundred students at the Hodgenville High School met Mr. Markham with nine "rahs." He had been invited at the station to give them a short talk.

Returning the salute with a wave, he read his Lincoln stanzas, breaking off now and then to explain them to the youngsters.



## Her Majesty Receives Hearty Welcome At "My Old Kentucky Home," Church and At Hodgenville.

### TRAIN STARTS FOR NEW YORK

*Journal Courier Journal*

11-19-26

## Visitor Will Arrive There Saturday, Sail Wednesday After Short Rest; King's Illness Alters Programme.

(By the Associated Press.)

Queen Marie of Rumania virtually concluded her American tour here Thursday night and made ready for a quick run to New York whence she will sail for home on the first ship available.

Reservations have been booked for Queen Marie on the Berengaria, sailing from New York Wednesday, it was announced at the Cunard Line offices there.

When Queen Marie reaches New York she will go to the home of Charles E. Mitchell at Tuxedo, N. Y., where she will await departure of her boat in practical seclusion. Mr. Mitchell is president of the National City Bank of New York.

Distressed by private advices from Bucharest concerning the condition of King Ferdinand, she summoned members of her suite and American advisors today and directed that she be taken as soon as possible to the bedside of her husband. Dispatches from abroad have described the King's illness as inflammation of the lower intestine and as cancer.

Queen Marie and her royal party departed from Kentucky at 12:30 o'clock Friday morning, crossing the Ohio River into Indiana, bound for Cincinnati. The train will not reach Cincinnati, however, until 9:20 o'clock Friday morning, as orders have been given to have the train lay over en route, probably at North Bend, Ohio, in order for Queen Marie to obtain quiet rest.

Prince Nicholas will leave the train at North Bend at 7 o'clock Friday morning and motor to Cincinnati, from where he will go to Detroit and Cleveland, the only member of the royal party to visit those cities.

Queen Marie and Princess Ileana will pass through Cincinnati, at which city a stop will not be made, to Storrs, Ohio, where the party will stop fifteen minutes and the Queen will distribute autographed photos of herself to boys at a foundling home there. Col. John H. Carroll, in charge of the royal train, once was an inmate at the foundling home. The Queen has ordered a stop at Storrs out of deference to the Colonel.

Her Majesty will go directly from Storrs to Martinsburg, W. Va., arriving there at 8:20 o'clock Saturday morning. From there she will motor to Harper's Ferry, via Winchester, Va., and then proceed immediately to New York, reaching the latter city at 7 o'clock Saturday night. Princess Ileana will accompany the Queen to New York.

A full page of pictures of Queen Marie's day in Kentucky is on page 12.

### By THORNTON CONNELL.

Staff Correspondent of The Courier-Journal  
Bardstown, Ky., Nov. 18.—

Her Majesty, Queen Marie, and Prince Nicolas, her son, Royal Rumanian tourists, today met "Old Kentucky," the proudest of forty-eight States, mother of Lincoln and Jeff Davis, home of Henry Clay and bed of the Bluegrass.

"Your Majesty, 'Old Kentucky.'" What could have been simpler than that—or, for that matter, grander—as the fairy godmother of a gypsy kingdom, beautiful woman and most beautiful queen, stood in a room of the house on Federal Hill and smiled "Howdy."

#### Princess Absent.

The only condition to mar the event of royalty's trip to Bardstown and Hodgenville was the absence of Her Royal Highness, Princess Ileana, of Rumania, who remained in her private car at Louisville to recuperate from nervousness occasioned by a near motor wreck in Indiana yesterday.

Admiration of the Lincoln log cabin in the shrine at Hodgenville virtually concluded Her Majesty's American tour, it was said by members of her party, so eager is she to return to King Ferdinand, who is ill in Rumania. The Queen was also eager to get back to Louisville, traveling from Bardstown as fast as possible.

Frost-cut leaves were falling from the beeches about the Stephen Collins Foster shrine and members of the Kentucky National Guard, forming a guard of honor, stamped their feet to keep off the chill and the cold.

#### Log Fire Burning.

But, Foster's "sun" was a-shining, a log fire was burning in "My Old Kentucky Home," and the was no lack of warmth in his voice as Gov. William Jason Fields, surrounded by a committee of cutaway-ed constituents, said "Welcome, Your Majesty" to the blue-blooded granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England and Czar Alexander of Russia.

Her entourage of fourteen costly automobiles, including press cars, starting from Louisville about thirty minutes late, Her Majesty arrived at Bardstown about the same length of time behind her schedule. The trip

"My Old Kentucky Home" was marked by the interest displayed by rural and village residents. Men and women, school teachers and children stood along the road waving the Stars and Stripes.

Guards stood at "present arms" as Queen Marie, escorted by Congressman Ben Johnson of Bardstown, the Governor's representative, alighted from her motor. Men uncovered and women guests already at the home looked and seemed to understand why the Queen is considered so charming. She wore a beautiful fur coat, a green hat and a dark velvet dress. Her Majesty was immediately shown to a private room that had been prepared for her.

Soon the Queen reappeared in the hall, where the guests had congregated, on her way to a room in which she held a sort of a court. Guests formed a line and were presented to Her Majesty and to His Royal Highness by Governor Fields. The Queen stood, shook hands with those introduced, smiling all the while, and murmured, "How do you

do?" After the presentations luncheon was served.

Those at Her Majesty's table were:

Mme. Irene Procopiu,  
Marvin Lewis,  
Gov. William J. Fields,  
Hon. Ben Johnson  
Mrs. A. T. Hert,  
Col. J. H. Carroll,  
Mayor Arthur A. Will,  
Mrs. Ben Johnson,  
Prince Nicolas,  
Constantine Laptew,  
Mrs. S. Thruston Ballard,  
Desha Breckenridge,  
Mrs. Marvin Lewis.

Her Majesty's conversation at luncheon was on various subjects. She expressed great admiration for Kentucky and America, and gratitude for the courtesy shown her in the United States, mentioning Louisville and Kentucky particularly. The Queen seemed a bit perturbed regarding the health of her King, but she did not permit such a state of mind to be too apparent to her hosts. She was in a jolly mood, except for the occasional worried look, and interested in Kentucky.

#### Menu for Luncheon.

The menu for the royal luncheon was:

Mushroom soup, with whipped cream bread sticks; olives and celery; guinea breast, wild rice and currant jelly; broiled tomatoes; fresh peas; rolls; beaten biscuits; imperial salad in cucumber jelly; old ham; wafers; individual apple ices served in candy baskets; cakes; coffee; candies; salted nuts.

While the Queen was eating, a quartette of negroes rendered a musical programme consisting of the singing of Southern melodies and negro spirituals, among which were "Old Black Joe," "Gwine to Run All Night," "Massa's In the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Folks at Home," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See," "Steal Away to Jesus," "I Got Shoes," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Oh, Susanna," "The Hen House Song," "The Wheel in the Air" and "My Old Kentucky Home."

When the Governor and all others present had done their duty toward this repast—"fit for a queen"—the Governor addressed Her Majesty as follows:

It affords me genuine pleasure to welcome, on behalf of the citizenship of our proud Commonwealth, Your Majesty, the Queen of Rumania, as the guest of the State of Kentucky—a State with greater



natural resources and more scenic beauty than can be found in any other State of the Union!

It is an added pleasure and privilege to receive you here, near the geographical center of the State, at this sacred spot where the immortal Stephen Collins Foster composed and wrote the song and melody, "My Old Kentucky Home," which has been sung around the civilized world, to the pleasure and delight of all who have heard it.

It was here that young Foster came as a lad to visit his relatives, the noted Rowan family, and it was amidst these surroundings of beauty and grandeur, made more glorious by the splendor of summer, that he found inspiration for the matchless melody, "My Old Kentucky Home," through which he gave the most forceful expression to his native genius.

As a lasting memorial to Stephen Collins Foster, and in commemoration of his great contribution, the State of Kentucky has acquired and made this, the Rowan home, a shrine hallowed by every true Kentuckian. Years ago it was dedicated to the memory of the author of "My Old Kentucky Home" and his master production, a song that will never grow old and one that will never die!

#### Greets Prince.

It is also gratifying that we are permitted to welcome you here at this spot, not far from the birthplace and National shrine of the immortal Lincoln, who directed the affairs of the Union during the War Between the States, and reasonably near the towering monument erected at the birthplace and in honor of the great Jefferson Davis, who so ardently championed the cause of the Confederacy through that mighty conflict.

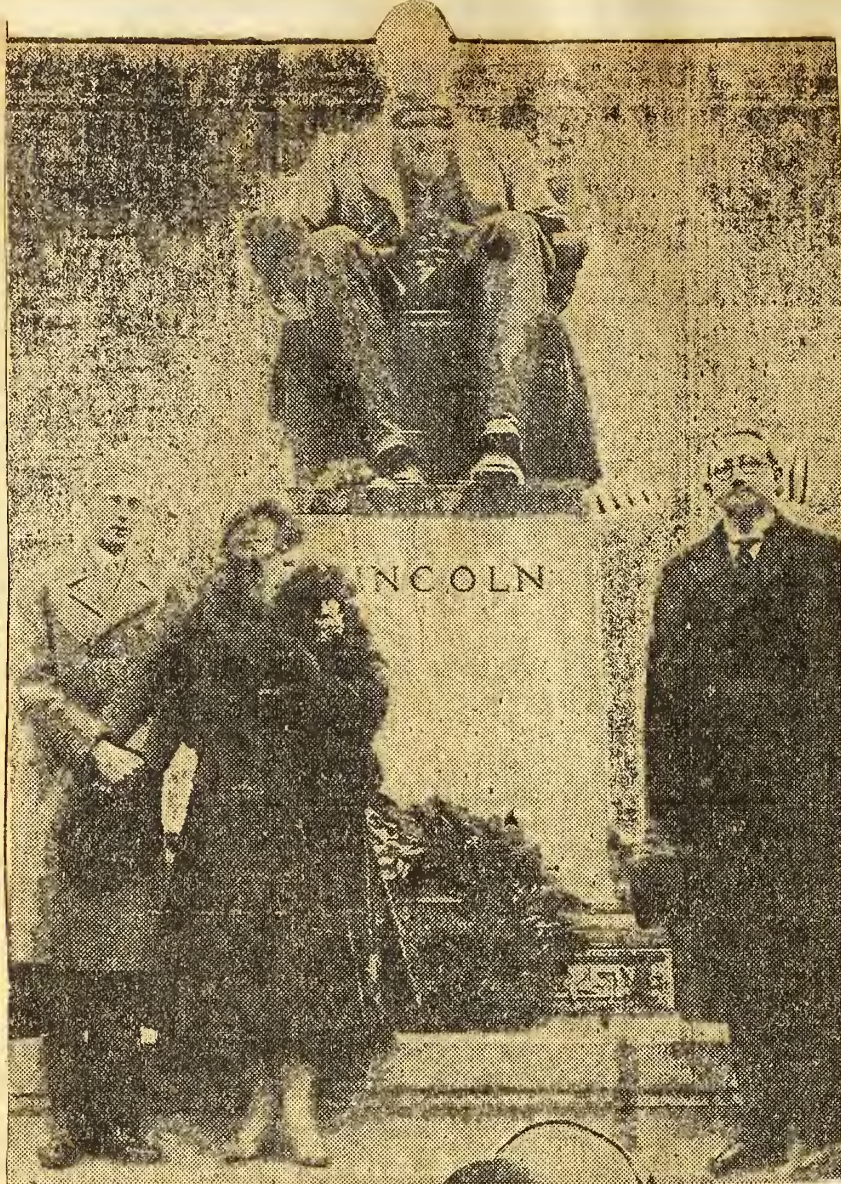
During your tour of America, no doubt, the Governors of various States and the Mayors of sundry cities have welcomed you to what each of them characterized as the greatest State or most beautiful city in all America. We do more than that. We welcome you to a State of more noble traditions and greater historic interest than can be found elsewhere, and to the most gracious hospitality in all the world!

It is with equal pleasure that we welcome His Royal Highness, the Prince, to our great State. We are confident that during his visit, brief though it be, he will be impressed with the courage and chivalry of Kentucky manhood.

In behalf of all Kentuckians, I welcome each member of your party. May you enjoy every hour of your stay with us, and when your journeyings have ended, and your voyage is over, may you return to your native land you love so much, and for which you have done so much, with happiest memories of your visit to our country and to our Commonwealth! We welcome you with that genuine hospitality for which our State has long been noted, and we entreat you to come again! We are vain enough to hope that neither passing years nor crowding cares will dim the luster or dull the memory of the hours spent with us as our guests, but that each one of you will ever cherish the fondest recollections of your visit to Kentucky.

As one has so aptly said, it is "not the oldest, nor yet the youngest; not the richest, nor yet the poorest; not the largest, nor yet the least, but take it all in all, for men and women, for flocks and herds, for fields and skies, for happy homes and loving hearts, the best place outside of heaven the good Lord ever made—Kentucky!"

Queen Marie replied:  
I thank His Excellency, the Governor, for his kind welcome. I am glad to be in Kentucky.



At this point there was presented to the Queen a beautifully bound book containing the song and story of "My Old Kentucky Home," and to the Queen for the Princess, a book containing the ten best songs written by Stephen Collins Foster. The Prince, an admirer of thoroughbred horses, was presented with a large, framed picture of Man o' War. The Queen also was the recipient of a box of bluegrass, the donor being Desha Breckinridge, editor of the Lexington Herald.

#### Visits Historic Church.

About forty-five minutes behind her schedule, Queen Marie and members of the party left Federal Hill for St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Bardstown, the oldest Catholic Church west of the Allegheny Mountains—but there was no departure from the Foster memorial until Her Majesty had signed her name in the Guest Book. This she did with a special pen, which will be preserved for history. As she was writing, newspaper photographers flashed high-powered lights on her. She called to her son Nicolas and said, "Lean over me; and look interested in what I am doing."

Her Majesty wrote "Marie," underlined it, and beneath the underline wrote "1926."

Father Pike was standing just inside the door as Marie entered St. Joseph's, passing through a double line of interested onlookers standing several deep on both sides from the sidewalk to the church. The priest told the Queen a bit of the history of the nine master paintings in the church, some of which were presented to the Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown, by Louis Philippe, dauphin, at the time, of France.

#### Goes To Hodgenville.

In a few minutes Her Majesty returned to her limousine—operated, by the way, by her own Rumanian chauffeur and footman—and continued the trip to Hodgenville. At New Haven there was a large crowd waiting, a "Welcome" sign hanging over the street, and a man and woman forming an arch for the entourage with large American flags. In Hodgenville, as the Queen drew up in front of the Lincoln statue, a crowd of children burst into "The Star Spangled Banner." Her Majesty was all attention.

She placed a wreath on the memorial to the Great Emancipator and paused in front of it for a picture for Charles Betz, staff photographer of The Courier-Journal. Nicolas posed with her. Afterwards she greeted the Hodgenville Reception Committee individually. Then she remarked to no one in particular, "It is getting colder. Snow! Snow!"

The cavalcade of motors then proceeded to the Lincoln Shrine a few miles from the city. At points along the route guards were standing at salute. Her Majesty manifested considerable interest in the Lincoln Shrine. She and the Prince entered the log cabin, over which the stone memorial is built, and walked around it, the Queen being heard to remark, "It is magnificent—this building over the tiny hut. I want to go right around."

#### Returns to Princess.

The return to Louisville was begun almost immediately, the Queen arriving there only five minutes late, being due at 6:15 o'clock. Instead of





